



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

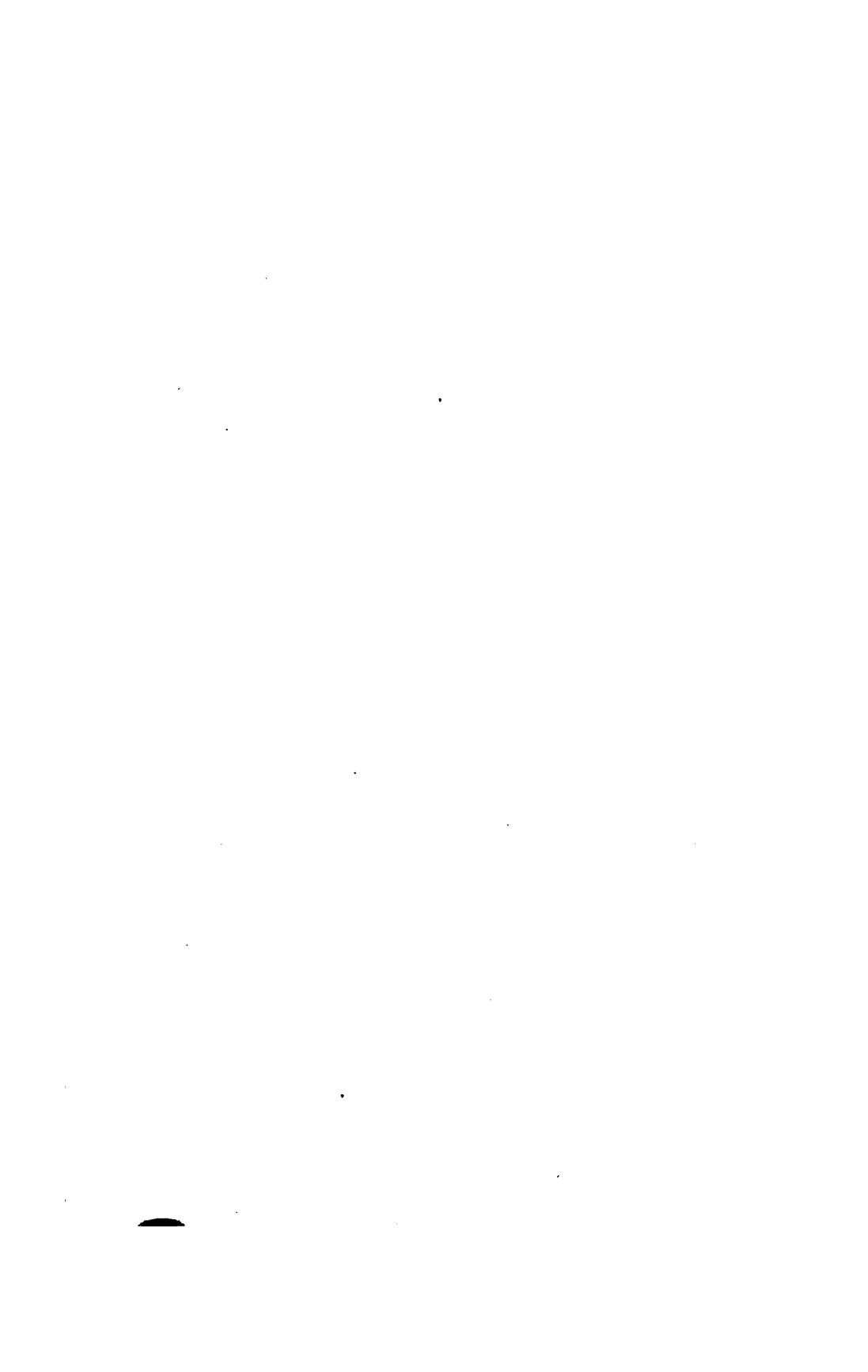


46.

389.







SPIRITUAL SONGS.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE MEMBERS OF THE
EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

“Teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns and
Spiritual Songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.”—

Col. iii. 16.



LONDON :

JAMES NISBET AND CO., 21, BERNERS STREET.

M DCCC XLVI.

389.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY WALTON AND MITCHELL,
Wardour Street, Oxford Street.

CONTENTS.

	Page
1. The Watchman's Warning	1
2. Hymn for the " Evangelical Alliance."	3
3. It is finished	5
4. The Sleeper's Sleep broken	7
5. The Pearl of Great Price	9
6. The Virgin Followers of the Lamb	10
7. The Christian Maiden's Hymn	12
8. Hymn to the Holy Spirit	14
9. The Solemn Search	16
10. The Pilgrim's Hymn	18
11. Love to Israel	20
12. Thirsting after God	22
13. The Christian's Armour	23
14. Jesus the same, Yesterday, To-day, and for Ever. .	25
15. Love to Christ	27
16. The Christian's Challenge	28
17. Lines, occasioned by the well-known declaration of Queen Mary, on the capture of Calais by the French, that " when she died, the name of <i>Calais</i> would be found written on her heart."	30
18. Missionary Hymn	32
19. Christ's Call to the Missionary	34

	Page.
20. Lines, written in contemplation of going as Missionary to Norfolk Island	36
21. The same subject	39
22. Congregational Hymn for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit	42
23. The Arrows of the Word.	44
24. Hymn for a Prayer Meeting.	45
25. Communion Hymn	46
26. Farewell to Earth	47
27. Lines written in the blank leaf of the "Memoir of the Rev. Robert M. M'Cheyne."	49
28. Hymn for Sickness	50
29. The Dying Christian to the Captain of his Salvation	52
30. The Dying Christian's Farewell	53
31. Death-bed Hymn.	55
32. Death	56
33. The Christian Warrior's Epitaph	57
34. The Dead in the Lord	58
35. Resurrection Hymn	60
36. St. John's Vision of Christ and his Saints Coming to Judgment.	61

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

I.

THE WATCHMAN'S WARNING.

"Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?
The watchman said, the morning cometh and also the night; if ye will
inquire, inquire ye; return, come."—*Isa. xxi. 11, 12.*

1.

WATCHMAN, say, How goes the night?
Earth's long night of sin and sorrow?
Gleams no streak of orient light
Herald of a god-like morrow?
Or from Zion's tow'r-crown'd hill
Looks all dark and dreary still?

2.

"Morning comes—and with the morn
"Glorious scenes are fast advancing;
"Angel forms, on clouds upborne,
"Now before these eyes are glancing;
"Earth's long night must soon give way
"To the Resurrection Day.

3.

“Night must pass—and Day must come—
“But an hour of gloomier sadness
“Waits for those, who, daring doom,
“Spurn the Saviour in their madness;
“Hand in hand with Life and Light
“Hastens Hell’s approaching Night.”

4.

Sinners!—to your Watchman’s tow’r;
Mock no more that voice of warning;
Mercy seek in mercy’s hour
Of your God, for all your scorning;
Kiss the Son, while yet ye may,
Welcome then the coming Day.

II.

HYMN

FOR THE "EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE."

(The first Meeting of which was held at Liverpool in October, 1845.)

1.

Lo ! a scorn'd and scatter'd few,
Firm amid a faithless land,
To our God and Saviour true
'Gainst the Antichrist we stand.

2.

Banded in the bonds of love,
Love's sweet chorus let us sing,
Glory to our God above,
Honour to our Saviour King.

3.

Peace to all who love our Lord,
Peace to all who work His will ;
War with those who hate His word,
War with those who wish Him ill.

4.

Rouse Thee from thy Father's halls,
Monarch of the red right-hand ;
Jesus ! 'tis thy Bride that calls,
Sorrowing in the stranger's land.

5.

*Gird Thee with Thy glittering sword,
Put Thy glorious garments on,
Ride in awful triumph, Lord,
God's own crown'd, anointed Son.

6.

Ride in all a monarch's might
Through the false and flying foe,
While the heaven-forg'd shafts of light
Flash from thy victorious bow.

7.

Hear Thy saints unwearied cry,
Dash each scoffer to the sod,
Wield thy conquering Cross on high,
Steep thy robes in rebel blood.

8.

War may rear its murderous form,
Round us rage the Infidel,
But thy Church shall stem the storm,
Proof against the gates of Hell.

* Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty. And in thy majesty ride prosperously, because of truth and meekness and righteousness, and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things. Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the king's enemies, whereby the people fall under thee.—*Ps.* xlv. 3, 5.

III.
IT IS FINISHED!

“When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished; and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.”—*John xix. 30.*

1.

“It is finish’d!”—still that cry
Rings from blood-stain’d Calvary;
Still through heaven, and earth, and hell,
Peals Immanuel’s funeral knell.

2.

“It is finish’d!”—pale and wan,
Son of God, and Son of Man,
Still that form methinks I see
Stretch’d upon the cross for me.

3.

Bearer of my sin and shame,
God’s own meek and martyr’d Lamb,
Let my tears,—’tis all I have,—
Trickle o’er my Saviour’s grave.

4.

“It is finish’d!”—all is done
’Twixt the Father and the Son:
Spirit! now thy work begin,
Quicken Thou the dead in sin.

5.

Break, oh ! break the iron sleep
Of the Saviour's purchas'd sheep ;
Burst upon their rest, and cry
Trumpet-tongued, " Why will ye die ?"

6.

" Wake ! ere yet the crash of wars,
" Reeling earth and rushing stars,
" Famine fierce and darkened sun
" Tell Creation's race is run.

7.

" Wake ! ere yet Creation's Lord
" Bare in wrath His awful sword ;
" While upon each Christless heart
" Sounds the Saviour's doom, ' Depart !'

8.

" Wake ! ere yet the thrones be set ;
" Wake ! ere yet the saints be met ;
" While damn'd sinners torments swell
" All the agonies of hell.

9.

" Yield then to the Spirit's power,
" Yield this very day, this hour ;
" All is finish'd !—come, and prove
" All a risen Saviour's love."

IV.

THE SLEEPER'S SLEEP BROKEN.

“Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.”—*Heb.* v. 14.

1.

JESUS calls ! Awake thou sleeper,
Though thine eye be dull and dim,
Zion's king and Israel's keeper
Bids thee rise and follow him ;
Dash the shackles from each long unconscious limb.

2.

Ruthless fiends too long had bound thee
Slumb'ring on the brink of hell ;
There thy faithful Saviour found thee,
There He burst the fearful spell ;
Haste to love Him who has lov'd thee first so well.

3.

Sleep no more !—thy sleep is broken—
Hail the night-dispelling ray ;
Hail the word thy Lord has spoken,
Follow in the narrow way ;
Follow Jesus on to pure and perfect day.

4.

Soon, thy pilgrim journey ended,
Thou shalt walk with him in white ;
Soon, by angel hosts attended,
Harp his praise on Zion's height ;
There the Lamb shall be thine everlasting light.

V.

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

“The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman, seeking goodly pearls; who when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it.”—*Matt.* xiii. 45, 46.

1.

TREASURES of the world, adieu !
Long I lov'd your paltry blaze ;
Now each false and fading hue
Pales before Immanuel's rays ;
Dross of earth, farewell, farewell—
Hail, all hail, Immanuel !

2.

Dear Immanuel ! pearl of price
From the Godhead's glorious mine,
Jewel of the Father's choice,
Polish'd by the hand divine,
Let me feast my fainting sight,
Miser-like, upon thy light.

3.

Pearl of price, and art thou mine ?
Jesus ! shall we never part ?
All thy beauty, Lord, enshrine
In the casket of my heart ;
Gem of glory, rich and rare,
Gleam and glow for ever there !

VI.

THE VIRGIN FOLLOWERS OF THE LAMB.

“And I looked, and lo, a Lamb stood on the mount Sion, and with him an hundred forty and four thousand, having his Father’s name written in their foreheads. These are they which were not defiled with women; for they are virgins. These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.”—*Rev.* xiv. 1, 4.

1.

Who are these, who, rob’d in light,
 Stand around the Father’s throne?
 Virgin spirits, pure and bright;—
 Father, may I yet be one?

2.

Spurn’d they loss, and spurn’d they shame,
 Preachers bold by land and sea,
 Following still the heavenly Lamb?—
 Saviour! ope such door for me.

3.

Were they souls whose steadfast lives
 Prov’d their Master’s* sternest word,
 Fled the joys sweet wedlock gives?—
 Write my name with their’s, O Lord!

* “His disciples say unto him, If the case of the man be so with his wife, it is not good to marry. But he said unto them, all men cannot receive this saying, save they to whom it is given. . . . He that is able to receive it, let him receive it.”—*Matt.* xix. 10, 12.

4.

Martyrs were they here below ?
Dar'd they, like their monarch, die ?
True to him through weal and woe ;—
Jesus—Master—say, may I ?

5.

Holy Saviour ! whatsoe'er
Were the triumphs of their grace,
All they had, and all they were,
Came by gazing on Thy face.

6.

Jesus ! may I ever keep
That dear dying face in sight,
Till my bosom's inmost deep
Mirrors back its lovely light :

7.

Till the Father's holy name
Seal'd upon my forehead, shows
That I follow still the Lamb,
Faithful wheresoe'er He goes.

VII.

THE CHRISTIAN MAIDEN'S HYMN.

“ Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world.”—
1 *John* ii. 16.

1.

SHALL the Christian maiden wear
Flowers or jewels in her hair,
When the blood-stained crown of thorn
On her Saviour's brow was borne ?

2.

Shall the Christian maiden's breast
Swell beneath the broider'd vest,
When the scarlet robe of shame
Girt her Saviour's tortur'd frame ?

3.

Shall the Christian maiden's feet
Earth's unhallow'd measures beat,
When beneath the Cross's load
Sank the suffering Son of God ?

4.

Shall the Christian maiden's song
Earth's ignoble strains prolong,
When the Saviour's troubled breast
Sought in hymns* its sacred rest ?

* “ And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives.”—*Matt.* xxvi. 30.

5.

Ne'er such sin and shame be said
Of a holy Christian maid ;
Christian maids should live and die
As beneath their Saviour's eye.

6.

Jesus ! bless this simple strain ;
Let it not go forth in vain ;
Grant me souls to crown my lay,
Souls to grace thy Judgment Day.

VIII.

HYMN TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

“Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God.”—*Eph.* iv. 30.

1.

Dove of God ! if e'er in blindness
We have griev'd thy gracious heart,
If with tones of cold unkindness
Bid thee, royal Bird, depart,
Pity now the sins we mourn,
Dove of God, return—return.

2.

O within our soul's dark dwelling
Raise once more thy voice of song,
Though that voice awhile be telling
Of thine own remember'd wrong ;
Chide us—we will bear the pain,
So thou leave us not again.

3.

Then from God's own throne in heaven
Bear the olive-branch of peace ;
Sing once more of sins forgiven,
Till our tears and troubles cease ;
Sing of Him, whose righteous blood
Flow'd to bring us home to God.

4.

Still sing on, thou Bird of glory,
Sing of Sanctity within ;
Let our dear Redeemer's story
Sound the funeral dirge of Sin ;
O'er its corpse thy white wings wave,
Build thy nest upon its grave.

5.

Yet once more, while rapt we linger
On that soft and seraph strain,
Raise thy voice, celestial Singer,
Hymn the Saviour's coming reign ;
Hymn the day, when face to face
We shall see that form of grace.

6.

Sing the Lord in clouds returning,
Sing the trump that wakes the dead :
Sing the crowns of glory burning
Round each saint's triumphant head ;
Thus, till Life's brief day be done,
Dove of God,—sing on—sing on.

IX.

THE SOLEMN SEARCH.

"Search me, O God, and know me; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."—*Ps. cxxxix.* 23, 24.

1.

PRINCE of the fire-like eyes,
King of the Spirit's sword,
Come, with that piercing gaze which tries
The heart and reins, O Lord.

2.

Shine through this soul of mine,
Burst wide its inmost hell,
Bid gloom give way to light divine,
Make darkness visible.

3.

And oh! if one false way
Be there, one leprous spot,
Drag it, Lord Jesus, into day,
But spare, oh! spare it not.

4.

Crush, Lord, each foul desire
Which, snake-like, lurks within;
Prompt to obey it's serpent sire,
And start into a sin.

5.

Each rebel thought dash down
That dares usurp Thy throne,
Take back the sceptre and the crown,
And reign, once more, alone.

6.

Unmarr'd by earth-born strife,
Maintain Thy righteous sway,
And lead me on to endless Life,
And everlasting Day.

X.

THE PILGRIM'S HYMN.

"We are not of them that draw back unto perdition."—*Heb. x. 39.*

1.

HINDER me not—I am passing on
To my Saviour's great white judgment throne,
And I dare not linger 'mid that false band
That must stand ere long at my Lord's left hand,
Nor rest those eyes upon earth or them,
Which have gaz'd on the New Jerusalem.

2.

Hinder me not—for my Saviour's blood
Has seal'd me a child of the living God,
And I bear His Cross on my pilgrim breast,
As I journey on to my Father's rest;
And that Cross is weighty, and I am weak,
And I have a kingdom and crown to seek.

3.

Then hinder me not—but if one true heart
Shrink not this day from the pilgrim's part,
Come, shoulder the Cross, and tread the road
That was trod of yore by the Son of God,
And press with me, where from heaven afar
Shines the bright beacon of Bethlehem's Star.

4.

Now hinder us not—Away, away !
Round us the Spirit's breezes play,
And the Lamb's own life-blood has mark'd our path,
The blood that extinguish'd a Father's wrath,
And His angel guards are about our track,
God's curse on the craven who dares look back.

5.

Hinder us not—we are heavenward bound,
And we dare not rest on enchanted ground,
For behind us is Satan's black flag unfurl'd
O'er a death-doom'd race and a flame-doom'd world,
And beneath us the devils gibe and jeer
O'er the frantic souls that are perishing there.

6.

Hinder us not—there are beasts of prey,
And fiends of hell in our onward way,
But before us is Zion's heavenly height,
And seraph forms of immortal light,
And Jesu's face of incarnate love
Smiles sweetly down from that home above.

7.

Hinder us not—Night breaks amain,
Morn is fast dawning—farewell to pain ;
Lo ! brighter and brighter they rise in view
Those pearl-built gates of celestial hue ;
Shout, shout in triumph ! 'tis past, 'tis past—
The eternal City is won at last.

XI.

LOVE TO ISRAEL.

“ Boast not against the branches.”—*Rom. xi. 18.*

1.

CHRISTIAN, love thy brother Jew,
God the Father loves him too.
Lov'd him, when in Sarah's womb
Slept the nation yet to come,
Countless as the stars or sand,
Lord of Canaan's promis'd land.
Murmuring 'mid the desert wild
Still He lov'd His wayward child,
Groaning 'neath the conqueror's chain,
Still He pitied all his pain.
Lov'd him, when on Jesu's head
All his chastisement he laid,
Lov'd him then, and loves him still,
Israel's God through good and ill.
Christian, love thy brother Jew,
God the Father loves him too.

2.

Christian, love thy brother Jew,
God the Saviour loves him too.
Yes, the lowly Saviour came
From that race of sin and shame ;

Deign'd in childhood's hour to rest
On a Jewish mother's breast,
Lamb-like, lov'd in life to dwell
'Mid thy sons, O Israel :
Blew the Gospel trump for them,
Wept o'er lost Jerusalem ;
Still from Israel's rebel land
Chose his faithful witness band ;
Bowing on the Cross his head,
Still for Jewish murderers pray'd.
Christian, love thy brother Jew,
God the Saviour loves him too.

3.

Christian, love thy brother Jew,
God the Spirit loves him too.
Yet shall Israel's pardon'd race
Melt beneath that Spirit's grace,
Yet beneath His sovereign sway
Cast the heart of stone away,
Yet on David's promis'd throne
Hail Jehovah's glorious Son,
Yet behold the Gentiles bring
Gifts to grace their Jewish King,
Bless the faith they once denied,
Preach the Lord they crucified,
Bear His name from shore to shore
Kings and priests for evermore.
Christian, love thy brother Jew,
All the Godhead loves him too.

XII.
THIRSTING AFTER GOD.

"My soul thirsteth for God ; for the living God."—*Ps.* xlii. 2.

1.

Love of God ! thou boundless ocean,
Let me lose myself in thee ;
Pour each streamlet of devotion
Into that eternal sea ;
All I am, and all I have
Launch on that almighty wave.

2.

Sea of love ! oh, bear me nearer
To my Father's heavenly face,
Clearer till I read and clearer
All the glories of his grace ;
On His bosom till I lie
Drinking deep of Deity.

3.

Lull'd on that celestial pillow,
Nestling, child-like, to that breast,
Far from Life's hoarse-sounding billow
Rock me, O my God, to rest ;
One with Jesus, one with Thee,
One to all Eternity.

XIII.

THE CHRISTIAN'S ARMOUR.

"Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Put ye on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil."—*Eph.* vi. 11, 12.

1.

Up and arm ye!—Come away,
Christians, 'tis your battle-day;
Mighty in the Lord's own might
Forward to th' unearthly fight;
God's whole armour gird ye on,
Strike one blow for God's dear Son.

2.

'Tis no fray of flesh and blood
Calls ye to the tented sod;
Heaven's damn'd Exiles, Hell's dark Fiends
Satan to the conflict sends;
Devils, leagu'd in black array,
Shout defiance!—Come away.

3.

Up and arm ye, Sons of God;
Let each foot be Gospel-shod;
Belted on each warrior loin
Let Truth's girdle spotless shine;
Be each mail-clad bosom's dress
Christ's unsullied righteousness.

4.

Grasp the Spirit's two-edg'd sword,
E'en your God's all-piercing word ;
With the silver shield of Faith
Quench each fiery dart of death ;
Clad in such celestial mail,
Warriors, ye shall never fail.

5.

Never !—on each brow serene
Let Salvation's Helm be seen ;
Meet the Foeman on your knees,
See ! he charges—falters—flees.
Firm in God's own arms ye stood,
Victory to the Sons of God !

XIV.

JESUS THE SAME, YESTERDAY, TO-DAY,
AND FOR EVER.

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—*Heb.* xiii. 5.

1.

JESUS! when the storms of life,
Whelm us with their surge-like strife,
When the worldling's voice of scorn
Taunts and tears the heart forlorn,
When the fiends of hell assail,
And thy stoutest warriors quail,
Stands Thy Word, as stands the Rock,
Thou wilt ne'er forsake thy flock.

2.

When life's last faint grains of sand
Ebb through Time's unsparing hand,
When our Christian race is run,
When our Father's work is done,
When we draw our parting breath,
Trembling on the brink of death,
Thou wilt be our staff and rod,
Changeless still, Thou Son of God.

3.

When the last of trumpets speaks,
When the morn of Judgment breaks,
When the earth and when the sky
Shrink before Thy flashing eye,
When the damn'd's despairing groan
Climbs in vain the great white throne,—
Jesus ! Thou wilt ne'er disclaim
One who trusted in Thy name.

XV.

LOVE TO CHRIST.

“ Lovest thou me ? ”—*John* xxi. 16.

1.

PURCHAS'D with Thy precious blood,
By Thy glorious Spirit seal'd,
Hail'd a new-born heir of God,
Favour'd with Thy will reveal'd,
Lord ! I love Thee :—but how well,
Mortal tongue can never tell.

2.

Tell the myriad stars of heaven,
Tell the sands that gird the deep,
Tell the sins Thou hast forgiven,
Tell the sins I daily weep,
Tell them all,—and they will be
Nothing, to my love for Thee.

XVI.

THE CHRISTIAN'S CHALLENGE.

“ Who shall separate us from the love of Christ ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword ? ”
Rom. viii. 35.

1.

HALLELUIAH ! who shall part
Christ's own church from Christ's own heart ?
Sever from the Saviour's side
Souls for whom the Saviour died ?
Dash one precious jewel down
From Immanuel's blood-bought crown ?

2.

Halleluiah ! shall the sword
Part us from our glorious Lord ?
Trouble dark or dire disgrace
E'er the Spirit's seal efface ?
Famine, nakedness, or hate
Bride and Bridegroom separate ?

3.

Halleluiah ! we have bled
Sheep-like, Lord, to slaughter led ;
Sheep-like, we may bleed again ;—
But no peril and no pain
E'er can daunt us—e'er can move,—
More than conquerors through Thy love.

4.

Halleluiah ! life nor death,
Powers above, nor powers beneath,
Monarch's might, nor tyrant's doom,
Things which are, nor things to come,
Men nor angels, e'er shall part
Christ's own church from Christ's own heart.

XVII.

LINES,

Occasioned by the well-known declaration of Queen Mary, on the capture of Calais by the French, that "when she died, the name of Calais would be found written on her heart."

JESUS ! if a British queen
Sorrow'd with impassion'd mien
O'er a captur'd city's fate,
Evermore disconsolate ;—
If that British queen could say
That upon her dying-day
That lost city's name would lie
Graven on her memory,
Stamp'd so deep, that nought could part
CALAIS from her dying heart ;—
Shall not we, who mourn and miss
Jesus from this earth of His,
Shall not we, who pine awhile
Exiles from our Saviour's smile,
Bear that Saviour's name imprest
On each loving, longing breast,
Traced anew each day within
In the blood He shed for sin,
Till the hour, when He shall come
Veil'd in death, to call us home ;

Or, returning in the clouds,
Circled by His angel crowds,
Wake His saintly, sleeping train
From the grave-clothes and the ground,
Evermore to rise and reign
With the Crucified and Crown'd?
Jesus ! on this heart till then
Write Thy name.—Amen, Amen.

XVIII.
MISSIONARY HYMN.

“Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into the harvest.”—*Matt.* ix. 38.

1.

WATCHMEN, who on Zion's hill
Walk with God your hallow'd round,
Blow the trumpet loud and shrill,
Shake the nations with the sound.

2.

Cry in Christ's almighty name
For a band of Christian souls,
Who shall bear their Saviour's fame
Far as God's own ocean rolls.

3.

Tell how Whitefield's giant voice
Borne beyond th' Atlantic main
Bade America rejoice
In that Saviour's rightful reign.

4.

Tell of India's harvest-days ;
How on that once desert soil
Hundred-fold, God's word repays
Martyn's night of patient toil.

5.

Tell the tale of carnage dark,
 How on Erromanga's shore,
 Williams moor'd his peaceful bark,
 Williams ~~found~~ his martyr gore.
pour'd

6.

Tell how Afric's sable race,
 Tam'd by Moffat's gentle sway,
 Bids the murd'rous war-cry cease,
 Joyous in its Gospel day.

7.

Tell how China's heart of pride,
 Bow'd beneath the Spirit's sword,
 Throws her gates to Jesus wide,
 Welcomes His imperial Word.

8.

Tell each spirit-stirring tale,—
 Bare each vict'ry to *our* view,—
 Bid *us* spread the Christian sail,—
 Bid *us*—"go and likewise do."

XIX.

CHRIST'S CALL TO THE MISSIONARY.

"Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold."—*John* x. 16.

1.

ANGEL of the Churches, rouse thee,
Churches that must yet be mine ;
To thy Lord I here espouse thee,
Bid thee rise, go forth, and shine ;
Chosen Angel !
Waken to the call Divine.

2.

Lambs I have on Earth's far mountains,
That must yet be gather'd in ;
Waters from the Spirit's fountains,
That must quench the Heathen's sin ;
Lost souls, Angel,
Souls that thou alone must win.

3.

I will hush thy heart's emotion,
As thou leav'st thy childhood's home ;
I will still the storms of Ocean,
Over which I bid thee roam ;
I will bear thee
To the land where thou shalt come.

4.

I who wield the Key of David,
Will the Heathen's heart unlock,
I who seek each sheep, and save it,
Evermore will feed thy flock ;
Feed and fold them
In the shadow of the Rock.

5.

In my hand I will uphold thee,
As a bright and burning star,
If thou teach what I have told thee,
If thou war the heavenly war ;
Fly, bright Angel—
Bear my glorious Name afar.

6.

Go, proclaim thy Saviour's story,
Tell the nations how He died ;
And when He returns in glory,
Thou shalt triumph by His side ;
I come quickly !
Haste—prepare my waiting bride.

XX.

LINES,

*Written in contemplation of going as Missionary to
Norfolk Island.*

“Lo! we have left all, and followed thee.”—*Luke* xviii. 28.

1.

LEAD me, Jesus, by the hand
O'er the sea and o'er the land ;
O'er the land and o'er the sea,
Jesus ! I will follow Thee.

Follow Thee, follow Thee, who would not follow Thee,
King of each Christian heart, Saviour of man !

2.

Man of sorrows, God of love,
If thou left'st thine home above
Earth to visit, Earth to bless,
Dare thy followers, Lord, do less ?

Follow Thee, follow Thee, who would not follow Thee,
King of each Christian heart, Saviour of Man !

3.

If no home on Earth had'st thou
For that royal, restless brow,
Dare I ease or honour claim ?
Be my lot, my life the same.

Follow Thee, follow Thee, who would not follow Thee,
King of each Christian heart, Saviour of man !

4.

Lead then, lead me to the clime
Sacred to the sons of Crime ;
Sacred—for e'en Crime can be
Sacred, when forgiv'n by Thee.

Follow Thee, follow Thee, who would not follow Thee,
King of each Christian heart, Saviour of man !

5.

Though the Isle whereon they dwell
Be to mortal eyes a Hell,
Hell's dark self I will not fear,
So *Thou* stand beside me there.

Follow Thee, follow Thee, who would not follow Thee,
King of each Christian heart, Saviour of man !

6.

Well I know thy Love can win
Blackest souls from bitterest Sin ;
Hear then, hear my piercing cry,
Give me souls,—or else I die !

Follow Thee, follow Thee, who would not follow Thee,
King of each Christian heart, Saviour of man !

7.

Give me souls—I ask no more ;
Bread and water be my store,
So one sinner I may bring
To thy feet, Thou glorious King.

Follow Thee, follow Thee, who would not follow Thee,
King of each Christian heart, Saviour of man !

8.

Lead then, lead me by the hand,
O'er the sea and o'er the land ;
O'er the land and o'er the sea,
Jesus ! I will follow Thee.

Follow Thee, follow Thee, who would not follow Thee,
King of each Christian heart, Saviour of man !

XXI.

LINES,

*Written in contemplation of going as Missionary to
Norfolk Island.*

"Come over, and help us."—*Acts xvi. 9.*

1.

ON through the Ocean's storm-tost path,
On through the white sea-foam ;
I pant to reach those realms of wrath,
The Convict's Island home.

2.

Thy blood-red banner, Lord, I long
To plant on that wild shore,
And sing sweet Mercy's Gospel song
Where ne'er 'twas sung before.

3.

Dark forms are mingling with my sleep,
Dark forms of sin and shame,
That beckon me across the deep
In Jesu's sacred name.

4.

At midnight's solemn hour they rise,
A pale and fetter'd band,
And woo, with half-despairing cries,
The stranger to their strand.

5.

There sated Rapine seems to brood
Repentant o'er its prey,
And Murder shrieks once more for blood
To wash its guilt away.

6.

Cease, mourners, cease those transports wild ;—
Despair !—be henceforth dumb ;
Lo ! charged with Mercy's message mild,
Brethren, we come—we come.

7.

We bear no freight of gold abhorr'd
As o'er the deep we move ;
With Gilead's balm our bark is stor'd,
Its cargo—Jesu's love.

8.

We rear no martial flag on high
To speak of War and woe ;
God's Word is our sole armoury,
And Satan our sole foe.

9.

We come to chase each cursed Fiend
From yon Fiend-haunted spot ;
We come to preach the sinner's Friend ;
Dear brethren, fear us not.

10.

We come to bid the sad rejoice,
The sin-benighted see,
The deaf man hear the Saviour's voice,
The shackled soul go free.

11.

In Jesu's name, for Jesu's sake,
We'll spend Life's latest breath ;
No quarter give, no quarter take,
True warriors to the death.

12.

Then on through Ocean's storm-tost path,
On through the white sea-foam ;
I pant to reach those realms of wrath,
The Convict's Island home.

XXII.

CONGREGATIONAL HYMN,

For the outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

“And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a mighty rushing wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.”—*Acts* ii. 2.

1.

O HOLY, Holy Ghost,
Descend from heav'n's bright throne,
Come, as thou cam'st at Pentecost,
And make us all thine own.
Shew forth thy sovereign power
While freed from Earth's dull thrall,
God's Sons embrace the glorious hour
To hold high festival.

2.

Reveal to Faith's meek eye
The wonders of the Word,
The dying-scene of Calvary,
The murder of her Lord:
Each new-born spirit seal,
Inspire each faltering song,
Till Love's own god-like anthem peal
From many a ransom'd tongue.

3.

And oh ! should one lost soul
Have sought this solemn spot,
Where God's own thunders round him roll,
Although he heed them not,
Ope Thou his eyes to see
Night's thickly gathering gloom,
And give him strength this hour to flee
From that dread wrath to come.

XXIII.

THE ARROWS OF THE WORD.

“Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the King’s enemies ; whereby the people fall under thee.”—*Ps.* xlv. 5.

1.

BENEATH his belt, 'twas said of yore,
Twelve lives each British archer bore,
So sure his arrows flew ;
And shall the arrows of Thy Word,
In Christian hands, Almighty Lord,
Be ever found less true ?

2.

Point Thou each heav'n-forg'd dart this day,
Till every shaft shall find its way
Through every heart of stone ;
Till Unbelief's false-plated vest,
And Pleasure's tinsel-guarded breast,
Our Captain's triumphs own.

3.

And when, low weltering in their blood,
They bow beneath thine arm, O God,
And mourn their rebel pride ;
Thy pitying hand shall staunch their gore,
And raise them up, to war no more,
Save on Immanuel's side.

XXIV.
HYMN,
For a Prayer Meeting.

“It is good for us to be here.”—*Mark ix. 5.*

1.

SAINTS of Jesus ! welcome here ;
In that sacred Name we meet ;
Lay this night each care and fear
At your dear Redeemer's feet ;
Tell the tale of every heart,
He will bless you ere we part.

2.

Threefold God of light and love,
Low before thy throne we bow,
Holy Father, heavenly Dove,
Elder Brother, hear us now ;
Black with sin's polluting load,
Wash us in Immanuel's blood.

3.

Aid us now to pray aright ;
Spirit ! crown us as we kneel ;
For us, in us, Lord, this night
Breathe each weary want we feel ;
Bear our prayers to God on high,
Bear from God the sure reply.

XXV.

COMMUNION HYMN.

“And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and brake it, and gave to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body. And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.”—*Matt.* xxvi. 26, 27.

1.

COME bless ye the bread that is broken this day,
For it speaks of the body of One far away;
Of that body Divine which was bruised for our shame,
When with foul hands they slew Him,—God’s innocent Lamb.

2.

Fill high the red wine-cup to Him whom we love,
’Tis to Jesus we drain it, our Monarch above;
While round as we pass it, we bless the dear blood,
Which stream’d on the Cross from the death-wounds
of God.

3.

Ever deign, gentle Saviour, to hallow the board
Where in spirit we meet with our crucified Lord,
Till Thou call us to drink the new fruit of the vine
At the Lamb’s marriage-feast, in that Kingdom of
Thine.

XXVI.

FAREWELL TO EARTH.

“Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth.”—
Col. iii. 2.

1.

FAREWELL to Earth's love, for my Saviour is mine,
And the kiss* of His lip is far sweeter than wine;
And his glowing embrace is far dearer to me
Than the cold love of woman or worldling can be.

2.

Farewell to Earth's friends, for the angels of God
Are the guards of my life, and the guides of my road,
And roam where I may, those bright beings are there
To share my soul's gladness, or lighten its care.

3.

Farewell to Earth's joys,—mine are waters that swell
From the fount of all joy,—from the Spirit's sweet
well,
And I feel my bath'd senses with transport o'errun,
As they dance in the splendour of Jesus, their sun.

* “Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth; for thy love is better than wine.”—*Solomon's Song*, i. 2.

4.

Farewell to Earth's pomps, for my Saviour is gone,
At His Father's right hand to prepare me a throne,
And when Earth's painted pageant to Hell shall be
hurl'd,
I shall judge* fallen angels, and sentence a world.

5.

Farewell to Earth's hopes,—for *my* hopes are on high
With Him who ere long shall descend from the sky,
With the sound of the trump, and the glorified train,
Who in God's blessed Kingdom for ever shall reign.

* “Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world : . . . know ye not that we shall judge angels.”—1 *Cor.* vi. 2, 3.

XXVII.

LINES,

*Written in the blank leaf of the "Memoir of the
Rev. Robert M. M'Cheyne."*

1.

BURNING Saint! when I shall meet thee
In the great Millennial day,
Oh! how gladly will I greet thee,
Cheerer of my heavenward way.

2.

Till that day, may all the blessing
Of thy holy, heavenly words
Ever on this heart be resting,
As thou dost upon thy Lord's.

XXVIII.

HYMN FOR SICKNESS.

“ Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth.”—*Heb.* xii. 6.

1.

HOLY sickness ! heaven-sent pain !
Wherefore com'st thou from above ?
For I know that nought in vain,
Issues from the God of love.

2.

Is't to search my soul within
With a Father's chastening rod,
And to scourge some cherish'd sin
Known unto the Lord my God ?

3.

Is't to raise Faith's drooping wing
From the world I lov'd too well,
And with my ascended King,
Make my heart in heaven to dwell ?

4.

Is it in the sinking frame
Jesu's hidden life to show,
And to sorrowing friends proclaim
Patience' perfect work below ?

5.

Is't to wean those friends from man,
From the idol they had made,
And to draw their souls again
Up to their exalted Head?

6.

Is't to send me far away
To some sin-benighted spot,
Where health's happy breezes play,
But thy creatures know Thee not?

7.

Comes it as a warning word
To announce approaching doom,
Call the soul unto its Lord,
Call the body to the tomb?

8.

Lord ! I know not :—but I know
Tis a messenger from God,
And whate'er its end below,
It *must* work my final good.

XXIX.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO THE CAPTAIN
OF HIS SALVATION.

“ Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.”—*Acts vii. 59.*

1.

JESUS ! I can fight no more ;
Bear me from the battle field ;
Be the balm to staunch my gore,
As Thou wast my spear and shield ;
Thou hast shown in life thy power,
Triumph in my dying hour.

2.

Triumph !—Life’s swift current rolls
Fast into eternity,
Living, I have won thee souls,
Dying, take mine own to Thee ;
Welcome home with accents mild
Eden’s long-lost, erring child.

3.

Take, oh ! take me, Lord, away
To sweet Zion’s blest abode,
Take me now :—I would not stay
Longer from my Father God ;
Send thine angels, hush my sighs,
Wake me, Lord, in Paradise.

XXX.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL.

"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also who love his appearing."

2 Tim. iv. 6, 8.

1.

FAREWELL, dear Friends of my earthly days,
 Partners oft of my prayers and praise;
 Weep not for me—it is better far
 To be with "the bright and the morning star,"
 Than to tarry here in this world of sin,
 Though sooth'd by love such as your's hath been;
 Yet raise, oh! raise ye this drooping head,
 Ye who encircle my dying bed,
 And take,—for I feel I am sinking fast,—
 One word at parting—it is my last.

2.

I have fought the good fight—I have kept the faith,
 Heavenward I rise in the hour of death;
 My doom Paul hath written;—not *yet*—not *now*,
 Shall the crown of glory bedeck my brow,
 But in that great Day when the Lord shall come
 Calling each saint to his royal home,

Then on this deathless brow shall gleam
The light of that heavenly diadem,
And not on mine only—each true soul there
Who loves *His* appearing, that crown shall share.

3.

Then weep not for me—but do ye who stay
Exiles awhile from the realms of Day,
Tread in the path which your Saviour trod,
Snatch brands from the burning, win souls to God
Where the Church bells gather their Sabbath train,
In the modest Chapel's lowlier fane,
'Neath the school-room shade, on the open heath,
By the social board, and the bed of death,
By God our Father, by Christ our Lord,
Dying I charge ye, Go, preach the Word!

4.

Go, preach that Word ye have learn'd to feel,
With undying love, with undaunted zeal;
Through evil report and good, proclaim
That sound of music, a Saviour's name;
Go—preach the Word—for across this brow
Death's dews fall colder and clammy now,
And I hear the stir of those angel wings,
That must bear my soul to the King of Kings;
Farewell! I am going with Christ to be,—
Go, preach the Word—and remember me.

XXXI.

DEATH-BED HYMN.

“ Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.”—
Ps. cxvi. 15.

1.

JESUS ! I will never fear,
Though my flesh be frail and faint ;
For I know that Thou art near
Gazing on Thy dying saint ;
Saints of Jesus never die,
But their pitying Lord is nigh.

2.

Calm I lay my armour down,
Victor in this mortal strife,
Quit the Cross, and claim the Crown,
Heir of everlasting Life ;
Heir of God, joint-heir with Thee,
To Thy bosom let me flee.

3.

Saviour ! hear my dying moan,
Clasp me to Thy faithful heart ;
Bear me to Thy Father's throne,
Never—never more to part ;
Farewell Earth—and farewell Sin—
Ope ye Heavens—and let me in.

XXXII.

DEATH.

CHRISTIAN, tell me—what is Death?
“ In us—Sin’s expiring breath—
“ Fiends around us—Hell beneath—
“ Christ above us.—This is Death.”

XXXIII.

THE CHRISTIAN WARRIOR'S EPITAPH.

WHEN borne away to God's own bliss
I ask no Epitaph save this,
That true unto my Lord
Through every changing scene of Life,
Through every storm of Christian strife
I wav'd the Spirit's sword.

XXXIV.

THE DEAD IN THE LORD.

“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.”—*Rev.* xiv. 13.

1.

OH! weep not o'er yon cherish'd flower
The Lord's dear hand hath snatch'd away;
List rather, where from heaven's own bower
The Spirit pours his dove-like lay
Around the Christian's dying-bed;—
“Thrice blest, in Jesus, are the Dead.”

2.

And are they thus for ever blest?
Sweet Spirit!—speak those words again;
“’Tis God's own truth; in Christ they rest
For ever from their earth-born pain;
While each fond deed of Christian love
Must follow to their home above.

3.

Yes, not one cup of water cold
To mortal giv'n for Christ's dear sake,
Shall be unnumber'd or untold
When Christ his marriage-feast shall make,

And eyes shall see, no longer dim,
Each deed of love was done to Him."

4.

Then weep not o'er the Christian's tomb ;
For still above that hallow'd ground
One sweet small voice shall pierce the gloom,
Till the archangel's trump shall sound ;
List ! 'tis the Spirit's :—" Dry each tear ;
" The dead in Christ lie buried here."

XXXV.

RESURRECTION HYMN.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth :

"And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."—*Job* xix. 25, 26.

1.

I KNOW He lives, I know he reigns,
My own Redeemer God ;
I know that though these frail remains
Must sleep beneath the sod,
The glorious day is nigh at hand,
When Jesus on the earth shall stand,
And raise from sea, and raise from land
The purchase of His blood.

2.

Yes, though the cankering worm destroy
This mouldering house of clay,
Yet shall I rise to hail with joy
Immanuel's Advent Day ;
Yet hear the trump's triumphant sound,
Yet burst the portals of the ground,
Yet reign with Him, whose many a wound*
Has wash'd my sins away.

* "With his stripes we are healed."—*Isa.* liii. 5.

XXXVI.

ST. JOHN'S VISION OF CHRIST AND HIS
SAINTS COMING TO JUDGMENT.

“And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and He that sat upon him was called Faithful and True; and in righteousness he doth judge and make war.”—*Rev.* xix. 11.

1.

THE solemn hour has toll'd,
 Big with a world's dread doom;
 The clouds are backward roll'd,
 The cry is, “Lo, they come.”
 The trumpet sounds—the sky is riven—
 And far and near
 In arms appear
 Christ's own all-conquering hosts, the chivalry of
 Heaven.

2.

Who on his snow-white steed
 Rides foremost in the van?
 “Faithful and True” in need,
 The glorious Son of Man;
 That head all crowns, those eyes all fire,
 In robes of blood
 The WORD of God
 Rides forth to judge the world, and wreak his Fa-
 ther's ire.

3.

And every saint is there,
Behind their King they ride ;
The snow-white garb they wear,
The snow-white steed bestride ;
Beneath, Earth's desperate nations lie ;
They mark the sword
Of that dread Lord
Flash from those lips of truth, yet dare that Lord defy.

4.

In vain those awful words
Emblazon'd bright and clear,
" King of kings, and Lord of lords,"
On His vest and thigh appear.
They dream not 'tis God's wine-press day ;
In vain on high
An Angel's cry
Bids every fowl that flies, come, banquet on their
prey.

5.

Captains this day, and Kings,
And many a man of might,
('Tis thus that Angel sings,)
Must perish in the fight :
Then welcome every Bird of Heaven—
Bondman and Freed,
Horseman and Steed,
God for your dainty fare Himself in wrath has given.

6.

And the Beast, mysterious birth
Of Hell, his stern array
Of the Monarchs of the Earth
Has marshall'd for the fray ;
Charm'd by the Lying Seer's false voice they come;
Portent and spell,
And miracle,
Working His wizard will, to lure them to their doom.

7.

'Tis join'd and done—'tis lost and won—
That battle-fray with God ;
Slaves of the Beast! your race is run,
Ye press the blood-red sod ;
Mark how each God-slain carcass gluts the fowl ;
While Beast and Lying Seer
In chains of Hell appear,
Doom'd 'neath that brimstone lake for evermore to
howl.

FINIS.

BOUND BY
WESTLEYS &
CLARK.

